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TERMS.

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Miscellaneous.

Maxims of Trade.

Mr. Budgett, the Successful Merchant, whose biography we introduced to our readers in our last number, was a keen man at a bargain—perhaps too sharp for one whose affections were set on heavenly things. His biographer devotes several pages to an examination of the maxims by which he justified himself, from which we extract the following. We commend it to the attention of our readers, particularly to those devoted to business.

"The buyer must not pretend to be judge of the seller's business. He knows at what price it will answer his purpose to sell; the buyer knows at what price it will answer his purpose to buy. Every man can take care of his own interests." This seems fair; and when two men meet on equal ground, it is fair. The manufacturer ought to be the best judge how many shillings a bale of cotton is worth to him. The cotton merchant ought to be the best judge how many shillings are worth his bale of cotton to him. The buyer may take it for granted that the seller will not take any sum but one which is, just then, of more value to him than the goods. The seller may take it for granted that the buyer will not give any sum but one which is, just then, of less value to him than the goods. The argument, then, seems complete: "I may buy as cheap as I can, and sell as dear as I can; for every one with whom I deal is the best judge of his own interests. It is not always that a piece of reasoning leads one to a conclusion so comfortable. But it is not to be wondered at, that many an honorable man should be perfectly satisfied with reasoning which seems so fair, when the conclusion is so inviting.

Admit two things; that the parties are equally solvent, that the parties are equally shrewd; and then, as a mere piece of dry mechanism, your principle may stand tolerably upright. But two men do not meet as two machines; they are two brothers. Each one is bound to look not only "on his own things, but also on the things of another." You cannot divest yourself of this duty. God has ordained it, and while God is love, the law is unalterable. In your neighbor you are bound to see a brother, whose feelings, whose reputation, whose property, whose family, are all as sacred as your own. "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth," is a precept weightier than all the edicts of the exchange. It is highly convenient to evade this precept by assuring yourself that every man will look to his own interests, and that therefore you may just gripe all that others will let you gripe. But, in doing so, you let yourself down from the level of a Christian to the level of a scoundrel. Even among men who meet on equal terms, commerce, on your principle, is not a system of mutual services, but a system of mutual supplanting. But among men who meet upon unequal terms, that principle will bear you out in cruel oppression. A cloth maker offers to a cloth merchant a parcel of cloth. His manner, or something else, tempts the merchant that he is under the necessity of finding money. He asks a fair price. According to the best judgment of the merchant, that price would afford the maker a fair remuneration, and would afford himself a fair profit. But he knows, or he guesses, that money happens to be, at that moment, of exorbitant value to his neighbor. On this conviction he refuses the fair price, and offers one that would double his own profit, but would leave the other without any profit, or with a loss. The other hesitates, reasons, entreats, but at last reluctantly yields. The merchant exults in a good bargain. A good bargain; is that what you call it? Why, the thing you have done is rather more than taking advantage of your neighbor's necessity to deprive him of the just reward of his labor, and to put it in your own pocket. "But I am not bound to look after another man's interests." Yes, you are. God has bound you to it. He has bound all other men to do the same to you. "But, if my money were not of more value than his goods, why did he accept it? I did not force him." Yes, you did; as far as in you lay. You saw you had him in a position where he must either submit to the loss you imposed upon him, or risk a heavier. You took advantage of him. You believed that the whole profits, fairly divided, would leave him a share and you a share. You saw a chance of getting his share for yourself, and you seized it. It was not fair. It was not brotherly. It was not after the will of God. All the mercantile maxims in the world will not consecrate it. You have deprived the laborer of his hire. You have denied your brother his equal rights. Had you done your duty to him, hearts would have been the better. By foregoing this opportunity of excessive gain, your own heart would have gathered fresh strength to do justly and to love mercy; by seeing your consideration, your neighbor's heart would have gained fresh esteem for his fellow men, and fresh courage for his struggle. But now, two hearts are worse. Yours is contracting around its ill-begotten profits; his is soured and distrustful. "Hearts," you say, "what have I to do with hearts? Hearts are neither pounds, shillings, nor pence." Very true; they are not; and if all your arguments lie within those three columns, I have no chance of convincing you. But you will soon be in a world where there are neither pounds, shillings nor pence.

As a regular matter of business, it can never be your duty to sell on terms which will not yield you a "living profit." This would be to prepare ruin for yourself and loss for others.—It is certainly incumbent upon you to use all your tact and foresight to make each transaction pay. True, a case may arise wherein you would

essentially serve a neighbor by making a purchase or a sale on terms that would be of no advantage to yourself. In such a case you might save a man from all the social calamities and the moral dangers of bankruptcy, and thus perform a higher benevolence than by a mere gift. It may, therefore, happen that cases will arise wherein it is right to forego any advantage to yourself, in order to save, or even to serve another. But it never can happen that a case should arise where you may wrong another to serve yourself. This you certainly do, whenever, to the best of your judgment, you deprive another of his profits to double your own. Such a transaction can never be justified by any force of circumstances, any traditional sanction of "the trade," or any galaxy of examples. "Live and let live," is a good old maxim; with far more pith and sap in it than your dry and hollow sophistry about "My money being of more value to him than his goods." To be sure it is, just then. But if that principle had justice in it, God would never have laid a curse upon usury.

A man engaged in business, who makes a profession of piety, is bound not only to maintain substantial integrity, but also to regard the impression his conduct will make upon men of the world. This is demanded of him by the honor of religion. He ought to aim at two things; first, at showing that his piety does not render him careless or incompetent; secondly, at showing that it does render him just and brotherly. The one and the other of these is absolutely necessary; the first as much as the second. Satan is perpetually preaching to men, that if they are to succeed, they must be on his side. Multitudes abandon all hope of aid at the same time serving God and making their way. They take it for granted, that one of two alternatives must be chosen: an abortive career in this life, or a neglect of the life to come. Perhaps not without a pang, they chose the latter. Every servant of God, then, who stands on that crowded field of commerce, and holds his ground, and goes forward and earns a good success, maintaining his steadfastness the while, and duly remembering things eternal, is a living discomfiture of Satan's boast, that men must serve him or go to wreck. Every such man is a proclamation to thousands that they may renounce the devil, renounce his works, renounce all unrighteousness, renounce the evil ways of the world, and yet succeed. But if you do renounce him, remember that his interest and his art will be to make you "slutful in business," that he may point you out as another proof that piety and success do not dwell together.

But while you cut do the worldling in tact, in diligence, and in knowledge of your business, remember that you are charged with the solemn responsibility of adorning the gospel. Let integrity and nobleness stamp your character.—For the sake of Christ, cherish these, and manifest them. Do not give men the impression that you gripe, and snatch and ped. Show them that they cannot overreach you; show them that you would not overreach them. Do not keep all your generosity for private life. Let not severe dealings be shown for by liberal gifts. Do endeavor to render every man full justice; not only by paying him all you promise to pay, but also by offering him what, in your conscience, you believe allows to him a fair remuneration, and to you a fair chance. Strictly paying all you promise to pay, may arise from selfishness, from a pure regard to your own credit and standing, irrespective of one generous feeling as to the interests of those with whom you have to deal. Often you cannot help having a judgment as to whether or not a transaction will pay your neighbor. Whenever a case arises where you have a chance to the best of your belief, of adding to your own profits by robbing another of his, surely then the Christian course is both plain and imperative. You are bound to see that your transactions are safe; for in that your character, your usefulness, and the interests of all with whom you have to do are involved. You are bound to secure a fair profit; for it is God's law that labor shall have its reward, and that you shall provide for your own. But you are not bound to make a fortune; you are not bound to gain money fast; and no intention as to the after use of money, can justify you in urging your profits to a point which robs another of his just reward.

"But, I must look after myself; that is my first duty." Are you sure of that? Suppose that it is so. You are, say, a grocer. Then, taking it for granted that your first duty is to look after yourself, of course you will resolve to be the richest grocer in the town; and as to the public, the public is not a living thing, a number of your own brothers and sisters,—it is only the rule mass of iron from which you will extract the gold. You will strain every nerve to please the public, but not care a whit whether you advantage it or not, so that you only net a rich profit every week. You do not study of how much use you can be to the public, but of how much use you can make the public to you. Then, your place is filled up, your work is done, society is a gain by your diligence and enterprise; but who has to thank you? Not God; you did it not for his sake. God and man you put out of the question, and set up yourself as the power you would serve. Then, what shall your reward be? Of course, what you strove for—self, self, self alone. That one thing you desired; that one thing you sought after. Take it, then, take it; eat it, drink it, wear it, sit upon it, ride upon it, build it in walls, display it in apartments, spread it out in lands, count it, lay it up, write it in large books, invest it in sure banks, engross it in solemn deeds, record it in legal testaments, clutch, carry, and cherish it right up to the door of death; then go forth and learn how poor a wretch you are; who, imagining that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things he possesseth, lays up treasure for himself, but is not rich toward God.

"Then, I am to look after the interests of other people, and leave my own to look after themselves." If by this you mean that you are to neglect your duties, then, with all the authority of God's command, we answer, No! If you mean that, performing all your duties faithfully, you are to trust Providence with your interests, then we answer, Yes! Self, self, Mind your interests. Wisdom cries, Mind your duties. And believe that in fulfilling your duties you are really taking the best and surest way to true prosperity, which depends alone on the smile of God. Duty binds you to provide for your own. Du-

ty binds you to make your transactions pay; for otherwise you do not fulfil your calling, but fail in it. Duty sanctions you in taking a fit reward for labor, for that is God's universal law. Duty supplies you with every motive for being a first-rate man of business. And the question is not whether you will be negligent or diligent, expert or unexpert; but, whether you will work as a mere self-seeking animal, neither caring to please God nor to profit man, or work as a Christian, as a child of God, taking an impulse from the Divine Father to lay out your abilities in promoting the universal law.

"Ah! but I don't understand that. It is too transcendental for me. I do understand minding my own interests. That is a motive one feels. If I tried to live by the other motive, it would only sham. I must be content to say, 'My business is to do what I can for myself.' Yes, that is true. You must be content to say it; or, whether you say it or not, you must be content to live by it, so long as you have within you that heart which dictates such speeches.—What do you know about being a child of God, and looking upon gains and duties with the eye of a child of God, and trusting your own interests to the heavenly Father, with the faith of a child of God? You! Why, you live to buy and sell, and get gain. You desire nothing better. You dream of nothing nobler.

"The multiplication table is your creed, your paternoster, and your decalogue." You do not cheat or steal; you know better. That would be the way to lose, not gain. It would not serve in the long run. That is your chief objection to it. It would be short-sighted selfishness. Then, yours is also, short-sighted selfishness; it will not answer in the long run. It may serve your turn to-day, but look before you. You are not a machine, constructed to catch money; you were made for something else. You have another life to live,—a life where wealth is not reckoned in coins, but in the commendation of God. You will not hold up your commercial countenance in that day, with a shiny leer upon it, and say you leave such deep points to others, but as for you, you go ahead. I tell you, you are not a money-making machine. You are a man, God's offspring, our brother. God's claims are upon you; man's claims are upon you; immortality is within you; judgment is before you; and every aspiration you waste upon self, is a step towards eternal poverty.—Wm. Arthur, A. M.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—About six years ago, a Dr. H., having become involved in debt, left his home and wife in another State for Texas, for the purpose of improving his fortune in a place where he would be free from the demands of clamorous creditors. In the course of time he went with the army to Mexico, and finally wended his way to California. After residing there some time, he met a young man from the place of his former residence, who, however, he did not know, and inquired of him if he knew his wife, whom he described, without however, telling him the relation he bore to her. The young man replied that Mrs. H.—was his sister, and the last he heard of her she was in St. Louis. After accumulating a competence, Dr. H.—left for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had long since given him up as dead. In St. Louis he learned that she had left that place some time previously, and was believed to be in New Albany. He came hither, and upon inquiry learned that she was earning a livelihood by sewing. He learned that she also believed her brother to be dead, not having heard from him for many years. Dr. H.—went to the house where he understood his wife was living, but found she had left there a few days before. He inquired about her general conduct and demeanor, and found that it had always been unexceptionable. She spoke but little of her husband, but told every one that she considered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H.—was making inquiries discovered that he was the long lost husband, and offered to accompany him to the house where his wife was sewing. Upon arriving there she said to her, "Mrs. H.—here is a gentleman who saw your brother in California." She appeared astonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently did not recognize him. He brushed back his hair, and said quickly, "Eliza, don't you know me?" Mrs. H.—immediately swooned away, and fell on the floor. In the same moment a husband and a brother both supposed to be dead, were restored to life. Dr. H.—as we have said, has returned with a competence and the supposed widow, it is presumed, will no longer sew for a livelihood.

The above statement, we are assured, is strictly correct. Here is a scene in real life, equal in strangeness to any to which romance ever gave birth.—New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, Jan. 28.

AN HONEST MAN IN GOTHAM.—The Providence Journal, which possesses a quiet vein of humor which is most admirable, thus "strikes home," as Mr. Old Turveydrop, that model of deportment, says:

"The people of New York are utterly astonished at finding an honest man at the head of the department of public expenditures. If a hippopotamus had been fished out of the mud in Broadway, it would not have caused so much wonder. The papers are all teeming with the praises of Mr. Flagg, who not only has stolen nothing himself, but has set his face against the peculations and robberies of others."

HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, oh! excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bed-chamber made at too great cost; these things, if they are curious in them they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see if he will, in your looks, accent, and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, dine sparingly and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds. [Emerson.]

When we have practiced good actions awhile, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently, and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.

A Mother's Love.

Who is there that does not acknowledge and bow in reverence to a mother's love?—What is it that causes the eye to fill—that refuses utterance to speech, and overwhelms with utter loneliness in the midst of life!—Deny it not, true at heart; it is the sacredness of a mother's love—felt through long years it may be; yet always pure, ever sacred, blessing and refreshing! Gentle mother! tenderest, truest, best of friends! constant in love in weal or woe—in deformity or health, in honor or shame—through evil and good report—thy affection knows no change nor the shadow of turning. Blessings on thee! Earliest memories link together and throw holiness on thy name. Sacred to the heart is the memory of a mother's love!

Such were the reflections suggested by an incident in the great drama of life. A poor victim to intemperance was staggering homeward—no, he knew not whither!—when he fell heavily to the earth. Stunned and bruised by the fall, he lay for a moment insensible, but assistance soon restored him to consciousness, and to a sense of his extreme degradation.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he faltering, "it was a hard fall, but I am better now. I have had many such. It is nothing when you get used to it!" and he laughed as he prepared to start again on his way.

"What a pity," remarked a spectator "that you should thus abuse your meekness by selfish indulgence in strong drink."

"You're a temperance lecturer, I suppose sneered the inebriate.

"No friend," replied the gentleman, "I am not a temperance lecturer—at least, not one professedly. Nevertheless, I neglect no opportunity to speak a word in aid of that honest cause."

"You're a preacher, then, maybe?"

"No."

"Well, whatever you are, I want none of your advice."

"I merely meant it for your good," mildly answered the gentleman. "Are you married?"

"No."

"You have sisters and brothers?"

"Yes, but they don't know me now."

"Have you a father?"

"No. He died many years since."

"A mother?"

There was a deep silence.

"You do not answer. Have you a mother?"

The silence that ensued was broken by the sobs of the wretched man. "O God—O God!" he exclaimed—"she too, is dead! I broke her poor heart many years since by misconduct.—My poor, poor mother! So good and so kind—so gentle and forgiving! and she smote his breast in the bitterness of his anguish."

Unhappy man—oh, how unhappy at that moment! Through all the vicissitudes of life, a mother's love had followed him—entreatings, urging, imploring him to forsake evil, and cling only to that which is right. In vain had she striven—he had gone on blindly, perversely, recklessly, until now he was broken down in health, fortune and reputation, an outcast from society, disowned by his own flesh and blood. Yet in the midst of this accumulation of wretchedness, there came reproachfully, yet full of love, a mother's voice, sweet and sad, and the heart bowed in grief to its mute appeal.

Honor to woman! Without her smiles, the world would lose its brightness—society's charm would exist no longer—Christianity would languish without her aid and approval.

"In whose principles," said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical father, "in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?" The stern old hero of Tioudegora brushed a tear from his eyes as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said: "IN YOUR MOTHER'S, CHILD—IN YOUR MOTHER'S!"

THE MOTHER'S LAW.—"Forsake not the law of thy mother," is the text of the printed sermon preached by the Rev. Chandler Robbins, and occasioned by the death of the mother of the late Judge Story. It is an appropriate and beautiful discourse, as may be inferred from the following passage:

It is told to the honor of the great Lord Bacon, that he felt he could never repay his obligations to her who had directed his studies that he delighted to speak of her through life and in his will left the injunction: "Bury me in St. Michael's church, for there was my mother buried."

Let it also be told of the great American Jurist, whose fame is as pure and will be as enduring as England's renowned Chancellor that it was his request also, that the remains of his mother should be laid close to his own at Mount Auburn, that their dust might mingle in the grave whose hearts had been so tenderly united on earth, and whose spirits should be as one in Heaven.

Happy son, who enjoyed discipline and received the blessing of such a mother! Like the good and great, he kept his mother's law and it led him to honor. She, by her fidelity through the quiet years of his domestic education, helped him to weave the crown of his mature and public life, and he, by his manly virtues, twined a perennial wreath to adorn her memory.

A letter from Trieste, 18th inst., states that apprehensions are again expressed in Greece of the failure of this year's crop of currants. Owing to the continued mildness of the weather, the vegetation of the trees had so far advanced that the leaves, and even the blossom, had appeared, but covered with the white blight which last season was the unfailing forerunner of disease.

BALM TO THE ORPHAN HEART.—The sweetest balm to the orphan heart, when contemplating the tomb of a departed parent, is to be able to lift the heart to God, and feel as in his presence, that the heart which now lies cold in death was never grieved by disobedience from the surviving child. On the contrary, how sad it is to feel that perhaps our unkindness may have hastened to bring down those grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

General News.

WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK.—THE QUESTION SETTLED.—We have received the following letter of the Secretary of State from a gentleman to whom it was addressed in Washington. It states the rather extraordinary fact that William Kirkpatrick, the son of Fingal and grandfather of the Countess Montijo, the newly created Empress of France, was American Consul at Malaga for the long term of eighteen years.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Feb. 16, 1853.

Sir: In reply to your inquiry respecting Mr. William Kirkpatrick, I have to inform you that he was appointed Consul of the United States for Malaga, by President John Adams, January 18, 1800. He retired from the office on the 26th day of June, 1818, when his successor, Mr. George G. Barrell, entered upon his duties. I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWARD EVERETT.

This speaks well of the grandfather of the Empress Eugenie; for what other man than a steady, safe and superior practical man of business would have been continued for eighteen long years in the important post of Consul at Malaga, the fees and emoluments of which are probably equal to two or three hundred dollars a year? That man was the making of the Kirkpatricks! Lucky son of Fingal.—N. Y. Herald.

DEATH OF HON. J. J. WARD.—We regret to learn that the Hon. Joshua John Ward died at his plantation, Brook Green, Waccamaw, yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock, from an attack of paralysis. Col. Ward was in the 53d year of his age, and was one of the largest and most successful Rice Planters in the State. He represented his Parish for many years in the Senate with zeal and ability, and at his death was Lieutenant Governor of the State.

Charleston Mercury.

GOVERNOR MANNING.—In a private letter, says the Greenville Southern Patriot, from a friend in Columbia, the following merited tribute is paid to the ability and industry of our worthy Chief Magistrate:

"Gov. Manning has been recently here attending to his official business, and bids fair to be one of the most industrious as well as the most popular Governors we have had in the last twenty years. He is plain and unaffected in his manners, and a noble specimen of the Carolina gentleman; that he is also a man of talent, and extensive information, is not to be questioned."

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—A most rapid case of toadyism is narrated by a Paris correspondent of the New York Herald. It came before the tribunal of the Judge de Paix at Toulouse:

Louis Napoleon, in the course of his visit to this city, in the month of October last, appeared to be much struck with the enthusiasm with which a party of ladies in a hatter's shop in the Rue St. Etienne cried "l'Empereur! Vive Louis Napoleon!" and he threw to them a bouquet of artificial flowers, which he carried in his hand. The bouquet was picked up by the hatter, and presented by him either to one of the ladies, a Madame S.—, or to his little child, whom his wife was carrying in her arms. Which of the two it was, could not, in the confusion, be actually ascertained, but Madame S.—took the bouquet home with her. The latter subsequently obtained it from her, and intimated that he should not return it. Madame S.—insisted that it was her property, as he had presented it to her, and that she had only lent it to him to show to a sick person; the hatter, on the contrary, maintained that it was his, and he had only let her take it home to show her husband. The dispute grew "fast and furious," and as there was no likelihood of its being brought to a friendly conclusion, Madame S.—cited the hatter before the Judge de Paix, to have him condemned to give up the bouquet. The Judge, after making a searching investigation into the facts of the case, was unable to come to any other conclusion than that Madame S.—and Madame B.—, the hatter's wife, had displayed equal enthusiasm for the Emperor, and that there was nothing to show that his majesty had destined the bouquet for either of them in particular; he, therefore, like another Solomon, decided that it should be equally divided, and that in the event of the hatter refusing to give up half of it, he should pay 100 francs.

A WINDFALL FOR A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.—Augustus B. McDonald, a journeyman printer in the office of the Milwaukee News, a few days ago received a letter, which informed him that his great uncle Marshal McDonald, who recently died in Paris at the Hotel de Ville, aged eighty-two, had left him by his will a snug little fortune. McDonald was wealthy, and a Marshal of France, appointed by Bonaparte. The fortunate printer was formerly a sailor in the British navy, and received a pension in consequence of a wound in the leg received at the bombardment of Canton. He fought in the Mexican war from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was wounded in the ankle at Vera Cruz. He bears the mark of a severe wound in the neck, which he received at the gates of Mexico, and secured a pension from the United States. His brother, Arthur McDonald, was a surgeon in the British navy, and was on board the Terror, in the expedition of Sir John Franklin—since when, of course, he has not been heard of.

ACQUISITION OF CUBA.—In speaking of the acquisition of the island of Cuba by the United States, the Liverpool Journal says: "We see only a natural movement, the eventual successful result of which is obvious, in the cry for the acquisition of Cuba; and it is idle in England attempting to check an inevitable development of the influences created in the Union by the existence of slavery. At any rate, the history of England being a history of annexations, we, in our press and in our conversations, should be more scrupulous in our comments on the conduct of the States. Among other facts we have to face this—that the United States are rapidly passing us in most things which bespeak genuine national greatness."

Paper Mill at Bath, S. C.

The following very interesting description of the Paper Mill at Bath, on the railroad, six miles from Hamburg, we copy from the Charleston Standard:

"The waters of Horse Creek are destined to be celebrated in the history of South Carolina manufactures. Besides their grist and saw mills, more numerous probably than that of any other stream of the same length in the State, she has in a few miles of each other, Vaucluse, Graniteville and Bath. The first two are already well known, and therefore we pass them by. But what and where is Bath? This may well be asked. Two years ago it was the site of an old saw mill that had been abandoned, the timber, mill dam, all gone, it was known only as what had once been Milton's Mills. Now it is a beautiful little village on the South Carolina Railroad, equidistant between Graniteville and Hamburg.—The fine water power of the creek, and the pure, clear water of some little streams which there empty into it, attracted the attention of some persons now connected with the South Carolina Paper Manufacturing Company.—They had searched a long time for such a site. The Augusta Canal and other water power had been carefully examined, but no where else could they find the silvery water so necessary to making white paper. At Bath, therefore, they secured a site and a hundred horse water power, and at once erected their mill and cottages. The former is of brick, in width 60 and length 250 feet, besides a wing 40 by 40 feet, a stock house of 40 by 90, and a receiving and delivering depot on the railroad turn out of 30 by 60 feet. These buildings make up the most complete manufacturing arrangements. The stock-house has a railway along its whole length, which extends to the mill and the depot, so that the rags and other material for paper to be stored there, can be transferred from one to the other with great facility. The material received daily, at the depot, is easily transferred, as wanted, to the second story, at one end of the mill, and from this point it progresses constantly until in the shape of paper, bleached, pressed, folded, and in bundles for market, it is passed into cars at the other end of the mill. So much for the buildings; if any can be more complete, we would like to see them.

"The machinery is all of the latest and most approved construction, and consists of one Fourdrinier and one cylinder machine, each 60 inches, eight large iron engines, and one large iron cylinder bleach, besides bleach tubs, steam boilers, rag cutters, dusters, devils, etc., all of which, during a month's trial, have been found to work admirably.

"The establishment now employs 20 to 25 men and boys, and 15 to 20 girls, who turn out between 2500 and 3000 pounds of paper. The same number of hands after a little more experience, and with the mill in full operation will be able to make more than 3000 pounds. The qualities vary from the finest book paper to the strongest and coarsest wrapping paper. No writing paper is made there, experience elsewhere having proved that even large establishments should not attempt to make so many different qualities.

"We would willingly describe the process of manufacture, but could not do so intelligibly without proper drawings. The following skeleton may, however, serve to give some idea of the successive steps in the process.—The rags, as we said before, are passed into the second story of the building. There they are sorted, dusted and cut, and thence are passed down into the Cylinder Bleach. This is a large iron hollow cylinder, six or eight feet in diameter, and fifteen to twenty feet long. It is revolved by water power, and when filled and in motion, a stream of steam constantly passes through it. This gives the rags their first bleaching. After this they are passed into the engines—a sort of iron tub, at the bottom of which is an inclined plane, traversed with knives, with their edges slanting upwards, above which revolves a succession of blades, set into a cylinder. In these engines the rags are thoroughly washed, and slightly reduced to pulp. Thence they are passed into the steep chests for a thorough bleaching.—Thence the heating engines receive, and, with their sharp knives, reduce them to a complete paste. This is passed into the stuff chest, whence it is transferred to the machines, which through their succession of rollers, and hollow cylinders heated with steam, roll it out into dry white paper, ready for the folder. The web of paper, before it reaches the cutters, may be of any width up to 60 inches—the width of the machines, and its length is limited only by the supply of the pulp—that being constant, the operator may roll out a continuous web of as many thousand yards as he chooses.

"Mr. Walker, the agent of the Company, is now receiving from the mill daily supplies of book, news, and brown paper. As yet the demand has been greater than the supply, but he hopes soon to be able to supply all his customers with every desirable quality. The success of this enterprise, now considered certain, will make all kinds of press and wrapping paper as cheap in Charleston and Augusta as they are in New York. Southern publishers will then be able to compete successfully with the Northern, and thus, in the end, we shall learn and practice self reliance.

A PUZZLE.—The following sum or problem was given to a boy by a gentleman who offered him \$50 if he would do it within six months, at the same time assuring him that it could be done, and there was no "trick" or "catch" about it. Take nine figures, digits, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, and also the 0, and add them together so that they amount to just 100—using them once and but once. Thus, for instance, take 7 and the 0, and they make 70, and then to the 70 add all the rest of the figures, not used in making 70.

"The problem would perhaps be better expressed thus: Use all the ten numerical characters, 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, but each only once, to form numbers which, added together shall amount to just 100. This can be done without resorting to any unnatural or improper expression of the numbers, and is a problem well worth the attention of the young arithmeticians. If any one will let us know how it is done, we will inform our readers.